

## QUALIFICATION.



GWENDOLIN—If dat's a generwin seegar yer pullin' on, 'Reginald, yer kin understand dat lips perituted wid terbaccer shall never touch mine, but if it's er chocerlit imertashun I kin be induced ter eat a French philerpene right here.

## AT THE FUNERAL.



OLD MRS. JONES—And now, my dear sir, might I ask what profession you follow?  
UNDERTAKER SMITH—I follow the medical profession, madam.

## A Sure Way.

Every point of his portion of his sartorial outfit indicated that he emanated from the rural regions. He had been standing for nearly an hour on a side street anxiously looking up and down. Finally a passer-by paused and inquired: "What are you looking for?"  
"A policeman," was the reply.  
"Say, my friend," said the passer-by, "you'll never find one by looking for him. Just hire a push-cart full of peanuts, and a policeman will find you fast enough."

GIVES IN ONE.  
SINGLEY—What key is most familiar to you?

DINGLEY—A flat.

## Breakfast in Harlem.

"I am really delighted to see you at breakfast, Mr. Van Harlem, you were quite near getting home too late for it. Oh, yes; I heard you; so did the whole block, I should think. But I wouldn't sling, my dear, when I came home so late, if I were you. Especially I wouldn't try to serenade the wife of my nearest neighbor. It was very thoughtful of you to avoid the noise of taking off your shoes when you went to bed this morning, but you might have divested yourself of your coat."  
Morning? Oh, yes, John, dear, it was 4 o'clock. I heard the clock strike. Pray don't damn the clock. You did muzzle it, but I unmuzzled it.  
"Of course, I know, Mr. Van Harlem, it was an important business deal that kept you—something like a corner in champagne. Oh, it was a little stag, was it? Then I suppose there was at least one 'dear' there. How did she dance, pray?"  
"What else did you do? Why, John! Well, you sang 'Rashie daisie' and 'She's a peach,' and I heard you chase the bed three times around your room before you caught it."  
"Have some mercy? Was it a new dress I wanted? Oh, no, dear; but I'll send you the bill for a new bicycle. There; you'd better go to the office now. I telephoned them that you would be late, as you were detained by my illness."  
"Of course I'm a darling."

## THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.



"Well, now, I just guess I'll steal that dude."



"Here, sonny, you're taking too much exercise."



"Well, now, I'm right in it on this tandem."



"Holy smitherens! The old woman was behind the rock. My name is Dennis."

## Saving a Quarter.

MRS. COBWIGGER—Here's the man with the window shade, my dear. He says it will cost a quarter extra if we have him put it up.

COBWIGGER—Twenty-five cents for five minutes' work! Well, I guess not! In hard times like these a man owes it to his family to economize. Tell him I'll put the shade up myself. (Takes off coat.) Now, my dear, bring in the stepladder while I hang up the hammer and screw driver.

MRS. COBWIGGER—You'll find them down in the cellar, my dear.

COBWIGGER—Well, you women beat everything I ever heard of. That's a nice place for hammers and screw drivers, I must say. It's a wonder you didn't put them away in the water spout.

MRS. COBWIGGER—Why, I never laid hands on them. Don't you remember the last time you got angry with the cat you fired them at her as she was running down the cellar steps?

COBWIGGER—And they have been down there getting rusty all this time?

MRS. COBWIGGER—Certainly. You didn't expect the cat to bring them to you, so you could throw them at her again, did you?

COBWIGGER—Now, don't make a fool of yourself and think you're funny. Have that stepladder here by the time I come up from the cellar.

MRS. COBWIGGER (aside)—How different Henry was before we were married. Then he wouldn't let me carry even my music roll.

COBWIGGER (returning)—A nice hunt I had for these things. I could break that cat's neck for taking them down there. Now I'll show you how to hang a shade.

MRS. COBWIGGER (after a while)—Why, Henry, what are you sweating about?

COBWIGGER—Darn these screws. You should have known better than to have bought such rash. The heads come off before they are half way in. (Whir-r-burr-r-r!) Now what have you done?

MRS. COBWIGGER—It must be the spring run down.

COBWIGGER—Blank! blankety! blank! Why weren't you holding the ladder instead of monkeying with the shade? Now you'll have to wind the thing up. Turn that whatyoucallem you see sticking out, and when you get it tight I'll shove in the thingumbub with the screw driver.

MRS. COBWIGGER—I can't turn it any more, my dear. Now, quick. (Whir-r-burr-r-r!)

COBWIGGER—Give it here and go in the other room and see if you can hold the baby. I'll finish this job myself. (After she goes)—Ah, there it is at last. I hope those fixtures are not too far apart. By gee! they're just right. There is nothing like having a good eye for anything of this kind. Now, will the thing run up and down all right? (Tries it.) A little tight, but that will be all right in a day or so. (Gives a tug and down comes the shade.)

MRS. COBWIGGER (running in)—Was that you, love? No, it was my pretty shade. Henry, I could sit right down and cry. You have made two big creases in it, and it looks too horrid for anything. I'd rather not have any shade at all to the window than hang up such a thing as this.

COBWIGGER—I thought I was hanging up this shade.

MRS. COBWIGGER—It looks as if you were.

COBWIGGER—See here, if you have any superfluous sarcasm, please save it up for the times your mother comes here. Now, steady the ladder and I'll drive in a nail where that screw came out. (Bang! bang!) Drat that nail! The blamed thing's bent. (Bang! bang! smash!)

MRS. COBWIGGER—Oh, Henry, the hammer went through the pane of glass!

COBWIGGER—Don't you think I know that as well as you? If you hadn't been here the darned thing would have been fixed long ago.

MRS. COBWIGGER—What are you going to do about the glass? The janitor once told me the panes cost \$1.75.

COBWIGGER—Any one but a woman could see that we can't live in a house with a broken pane. I'm going to the glazier's.

MRS. COBWIGGER—Oh, I thought you might try to put it in yourself. While you're out you might as well stop at the other place and get a new shade, and (calls after him), say, Henry, you'd better have them send the man to put it up, don't you think?

## THERE'S MANY A SHOT AT RANDOM SENT.



"Golf and tennis are old. I think I'll try the boomewang."



"Gwent Scott, the thing comes back!"



"Goodness gwacious, you can't run away from it!"